

—THE— Lexington Intelligencer

A. W. ALLEN, Editor and Publisher.

Issued weekly on Fridays. Subscription \$1.50 per year, payable strictly in advance.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice in Lexington, Missouri.

All communications to go into print in THE INTELLIGENCER must be signed.

Reed flays Ford for anti-Semitism.—Headline.

It seems that at frequent intervals some politician feels called upon to flay Henry Ford for the articles appearing in The Dearborn Independent on The International Jew. Senator Reed takes his turn at the laying of a corner stone for a synagogue in Kansas City last Sunday. The Senator is quoted as saying: "The man who can deny the right of religious liberty to the Jew is a disgrace to the Republic, and an enemy of the people," and "that all of the charitable acts of the car magazine sink into miserable insignificance when he attacks the foundation of liberty on which the government rests." The Senator was speaking to Jews with a hope that the Gentiles present were ignorant of his text. He wished to "explode" something, so with no regard for the truth, he pops off with high sounding phrases against Henry Ford. The articles in question are understood by most people to be a current history of the Jews and Jewish activities, and so far no one has attempted to refute the substance of them, except by "flaying" Henry Ford, and that by politicians of the Jim Reed type.

E. G. Loomis reports that the rain fall Wednesday night amounted to two inches.

A hen doesn't stop scratching because the worms are scarce. Neither do good business men stop advertising when business is "dull."—Ex.

Miss Wilmon Edwards and Miss Patty Green of Versailles, Kentucky, arrived Friday evening for a visit at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Robt. L. Cowan.

Homer and Clarence Sims of Kansas City, spent Sunday here with friends.

Still another student, Miss Florence Puckett of Maryville, Mo., was placed by the Chilli-cothe Business College last week as stenographer for Missouri University and joined numerous C. B. C. students who make up the office force at the University.

\$5,000,000 Worth of Liquor Imported During Last Year.

Intoxicating beverages imported into the United States during the fiscal year were valued at more than \$5,000,000, as compared with about \$500,000 in the previous year, according to reports issued by the Commerce Department.

Wine was the largest item in the list of intoxicants entering during the year, amounting to more than 2,000,000 gallons, as compared with 23,000 in 1920.

Whiskey came in larger quantities in the last year, with a total of 195,000 gallons, as compared with 32,000 gallons in 1920.

Great Britain shipped in most of the whiskey, France practically all of the champagne and Spain the greater part of the other wines.

A Great Remedy.

The merits of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy are well known and appreciated, but there is occasionally a man who had no acquaintance with them and should read the following by F. H. Dear, a hotel man at Dupuyer, Mont.: "Four years ago I used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy with such wonderful results that I have since recommended it to my friends." Adv.

Miss Launa Pickell accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. C. E. Walton, left Monday for Plano, Texas, on account of her health. Mrs. H. F. Pickell accompanied them as far as Kansas City.

Miss Almerine Campbell returned Sunday evening from a visit with relatives in Moberly, Mo.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowers and family and Joe Holleran returned Saturday from a two weeks' outing in the Ozarks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Crenshaw and Miss Louise McDonald returned Friday morning from a month's trip to Minnesota.

B. R. Young, who has been confined to his bed for the past week on account of illness, is convalescing.

Mr. and Mrs. William Palmer, Jr., and little son, Fred Bryan, left Wednesday for a two weeks' visit in Chicago, and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hix and daughter, Miss Hary Howard, returned Sunday from a two weeks' stay at Ozark Beach on Lake Taneycomo.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Kitty's Laundry List

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Never," said Kitty sternly to herself, "never shall I have anything more to do with a man!"

The train came along at this minute and she sprang up the high steps and found an empty seat in the day coach. She sat for a few minutes watching the snowy landscape swim past her and thinking with mortification and anger of the week-end she had just spent.

Helen Saunders had invited her purposely so that she could meet Will Farnsworth. She had heard the virtues of Will, his unexcelled qualities drummed into her ears, until she had almost begun to hate him. But Helen—the inveterate matchmaker—now that she was married, had somehow made her curious about him.

And at the last moment he had telegraphed that he couldn't come! Which might have been forgiven except for the fact that when they were out snow-shoeing Helen had seen a sleigh flash past and had cried, "I do believe that's Will! Of all the—"

He had never come near them and Kitty knew it was on her account. He was an old friend of the Saunders, which left no reason for doubt why he had been so careful to avoid them over this week-end.

"And yet I'm not so horrid. I don't see why he needs to be afraid," Kitty thought, taking out her vanity case and peering into the mirrored face with scorching eyes.

Brown eyes. Brown hair that showed chestnut tendrils, a nose that was saucy and a mouth that may have been too wide for beauty, but was bewitching when it showed the dimples at its corners.

Kitty pulled up her veil, opened her bag and drew out a book. A love story, of course.

She lost herself in its pages, lost herself so deeply that she scarcely noticed when the train stopped, was barely conscious when the conductor came down the aisle, and she reluctantly opened with one hand her purse, while continuing to hold the book with the other. She held out her ticket and went on with her story.

Pretty soon it was taken from her and she cuddled back into her corner, until at Chapter VII, she found her eyes were filling with tears—she couldn't go on any more now.

She lifted her head then and saw that someone was sitting in the seat beside her. A man, of course. Kitty turned her face to the window, swallowing her tears as best she could, and hoping the stranger would not notice. If only things would happen the way they did in novels!

"I think this is yours," the stranger said at last.

Kitty turned quickly to look at him. He had nice gray eyes, slightly hollow cheeks and an engaging smile that showed white, fine teeth.

"Why, yes," Kitty said, looking down at her laundry list in the young man's hand. "It must have slipped out of my purse."

The young man said quite gravely: "You held it toward me such a long time that I thought I ought to take it."

"I don't understand!" Kitty said laughingly.

Then she felt quickly in her bag and found that her ticket was still there.

The young man was smiling frankly. "Perhaps you thought it was your ticket. You see, I had my pass, so the conductor thought you were my—"

"How perfectly awful!" Kitty ejaculated.

"Yes, I know it would be awful, but you can fix it up with the conductor by giving him your ticket at the next station and freeing his mind forever from any doubts."

Kitty folded her laundry list into a tiny oblong and put it carefully away. The young man watched the delightful contour of the cheek turned from him and saw it flush into rose.

"I say," he said suddenly, dropping that tone of amusement. "I know I haven't any right to say it, but I could see you were in trouble. Is there anything I could do to help you? I know this isn't any way to introduce myself." He felt around in his pocket and drew out a card that bore the name:

"William J. Farnsworth,
General Passenger Agent."

Kitty looked at it for a moment. Then the demon of mischief leaped to her brown eyes.

"You mean you say I was—crying?" she asked.

He nodded sympathetically. "I couldn't help seeing. I hope you won't think I'm the sort that picks up girls everywhere. Why, I run away from 'em! But I'd feel grateful if you would let me be of service."

"It's nice of you," Kitty answered, "but the only thing you could do would be to tell me that the heroine lives happily ever after—" she patted the red-covered book.

"Crying over a story!" he ejaculated. "But that's easy enough." He turned to the last page and began to read the final paragraph in a voice that vibrated pleasantly above the rattle of the train.

"She held out her hand to him with a little glad cry of surprise. Hugh's eyes met hers with a long look of understanding. 'You forgive me, Souly?' He read the answer in her clear blue eyes, and as he gathered her close in-

to his arms she knew it was for this she had been waiting."

"Thank you," Kitty said softly. Her face burned. Somehow the words that might have been sentimental or meaningless had, with his reading, sprung into life. She stole a look at her gray-eyed companion and thought with regret what good friends they might have been. Never that now.

"I get off the next stop," she said primly.

"I wish you'd tell me your name. I'd do anything—get people to introduce us properly, if it took weeks, if you only would!" he begged.

Kitty looked at him for a moment. Revenge is said to be sweet. But Kitty Tennant felt its taste bitter in her mouth as she answered. "I think we will say good-by here."

The young man struggled for a moment with something he wanted to say, and then laughing light sprang into his eyes again.

"So I'm never to see you again?" he asked mockingly.

Kitty nodded.

"Good-by, then," he said, standing with his hat off and watching her disappear down the aisle.

Kitty could not resist looking back at him from the platform; he was watching eagerly, and she smiled—for the last time.

In the week that followed she found she could not drive him out of her mind. His gray eyes, his engaging smile and his deep masculine voice came back to her again and again when she thought she had forgotten him.

"It would be so easy to meet him," Kitty thought, "and never shall I do it. He didn't choose to meet me in the first place—" She stood washing out her best silk stockings in her wash bowl and wishing that Mrs. Wiggins gave a little more heat to her boarders.

"And I forgot my laundry!" Kitty said.

She hurried into her things, drew out the folded laundry list that brought back swift pictures of a ride in the train and ran around to the Dupont laundry. Opening the door, her heart seemed to stop and then give a wild leap that sent the blood rushing to her cheeks. For there before the counter was Will Farnsworth!

"She held out her hand to him with a little cry of surprise. Hugh's eyes met hers with a long look of understanding!" he quoted. "Do you know I've spent two hours and twenty minutes waiting for you in this laundry?" he asked, and then at the question in her eyes. "You see, I had your laundry list. The rest was easy."

As he carried her bundle home, walking beside her, Kitty knew what good friends they were going to be.

EVERY DAY MONDAY IN KOREA

Laundry Work Is Ceaseless in Eastern Land, Since Invariable White Must Be Spotless.

Every day is Monday in Korea. From early morning the thump-thump-thump of the washing paddle sounds on the bank of stream and canal. Until late at night the rat-tat-tat of the ironing sticks tells of the washerwomen, whose work is never done.

The crowded but may be dirty and malodorous, but the gentlemen of the household must appear immaculate in loose white trousers and jacket and sheer long overcoat of white, and his wife must have her spotless jacket, full pantaloons and voluminous transparent skirt. For white is the "descent black" of Korea. Originally the color of mourning, it became, like black in the East, the badge of respectability and sobriety. Though it is losing its vogue in the ports and larger towns, it is still, in the interior, the ordinary garb, winter and summer, of a large part of the population.

All save the poorest, however, keep bright-hued feast day silks laid away in the family chest, and the children and young girls are always as brilliant as butterflies.

There is the interminable washing and ironing. Then there is the sewing—and the household sewing in Korea is no small task; for all the garments worn by the family are taken apart before each washing and sewed together again after they are beaten smooth with the ironing sticks. —Asia Magazine.

Early History of the Hat.

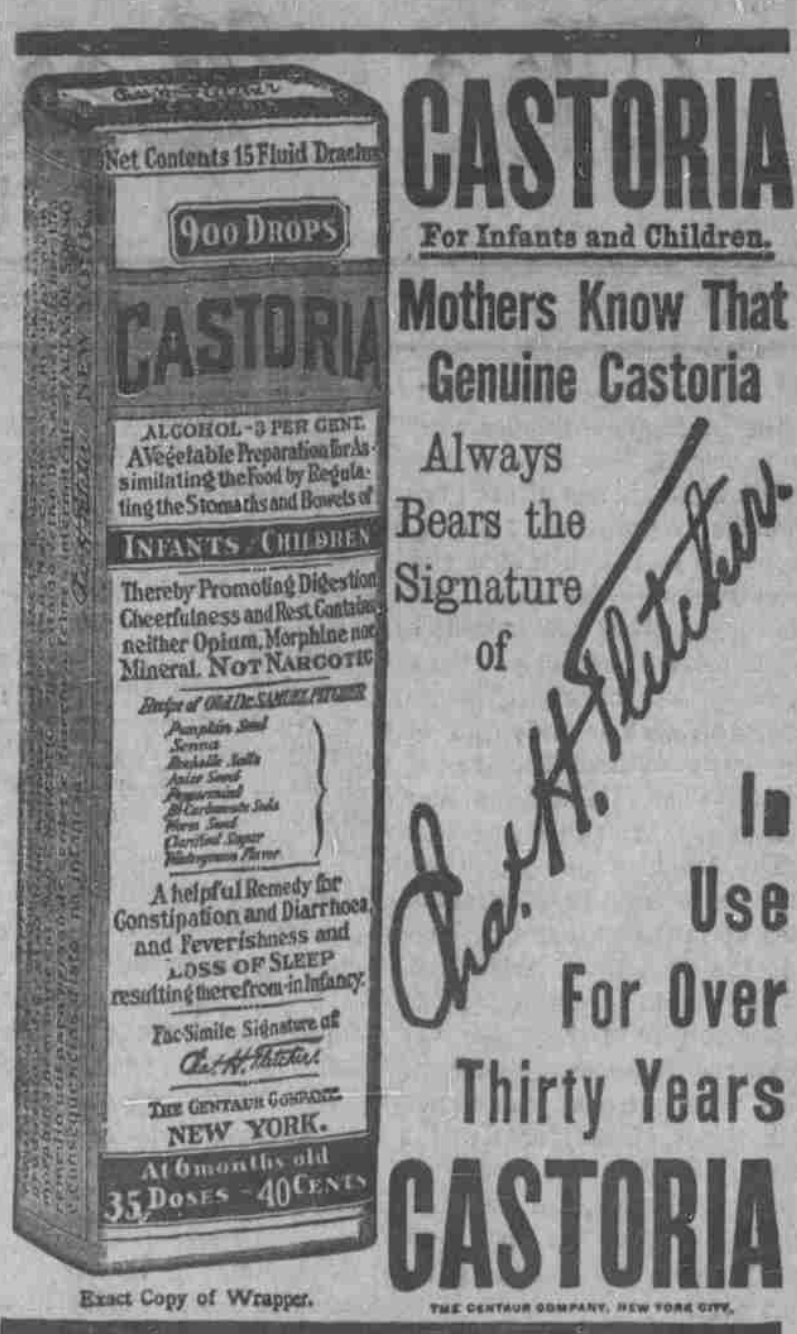
The use of heaver in making hats commenced about 1200, for Chaucer mentions it. Flanders turned out the first. Hatters' guilds began to appear in England, and apprentices were taught the art of making felt hats and decorating them. Nine cents a day was then a hatter's wages. In the sixteenth century the first hat stores began to do business, and hats, therefore as widely decorated as poetic fancy, began to be standardized. In other words—style began to rule. By 1600 styles were very much in evidence, but were very changeable. Shakespeare's plays speak of various types of hats then worn.

Irony of Fate.

After a Philadelphia connoisseur returned from England, where he paid \$5,000 for a manuscript of Shelley, the lovers of that poet hunted up some historical information, and they assert that Shelley never received for his writings during his lifetime more than \$250, and that was in small sums.

Life as I See It.

At 46 it is useless for me to expect girls to look at me with any great interest. I feel young, but the girls do not know it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

**Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria**

**Always
Bears the
Signature
of
Chas. H. Fletcher**

**Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA**

Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces
900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for
simulating the Food by Regulating
the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS—CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion
Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains
neither Opium, Morphine nor
Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by
Fletcher's
Pumpkin Seed
Senna
Rhubarb, Sulfate
Aster Seed
Syrup
Syrup
Syrup
Syrup
Syrup
Syrup

A helpful Remedy for
Constipation and Diarrhoea,
and Feverishness and
LOSS OF SLEEP
resulting therefrom in Infancy.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS—40 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

TRADERS BANK

A Bank of Deposit and Discount. Drafts, Domestic and Foreign Letters of Credit, Travelers Checks, and Foreign Exchange on all Countries of the World.

We are endeavoring to do our part toward the Cultivation of Thrift Habits in the Community; we have a Savings Department for wage earners and children, The Landis Christmas Savings Club, \$100 Clubs. We sell Liberty Bonds, Treasury Certificates, and Baby Bonds, and do what we can to help the ambitious to capitalize self denial and economy.

Safe deposit boxes and filing cabinets for the safe keeping of valuable papers of our customers.

We are always pleased to serve.

TRADERS BANK LEXINGTON, MISSOURI

ESSENTIAL FOODS

Prepared from First Quality Materials under First Class Supervision

BREADS—Snow Flake, Rye, Vienna, Light Rolls, Cinnamon Rolls; Jelly and Carmel Rolls.

CAKES—Angel Food, Devils Food, Layer Cake.

PIES

COOKIES—Macaroons, Boston, Oatmeal, Ginger, Lemon.

Phone 399 A. C. MEIERER Phone 399
(Wagon Passes Your Door)

Civil Service Examination.

An open competitive examination, under the rules of the Civil Service Commission, for the position of stationary fireman in the post office at Lexington, Mo., will be held on August 17, 1921, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m.

Applications for this examination must be made on the prescribed form which may be obtained, with necessary instructions from the Commission's local representative, Raymond J. Tarlton, at the post office in Lexington, Mo., or from the secretary, Ninth U. S. Civil Service District, Old Custom House, St. Louis, Mo.

James Connors and son, James Jr., of Waureka, Okla., arrived Thursday for a few days visit here, with relatives.

A cow belonging to Miss Jennie Aull was killed by lightning Wednesday night during the storm.

WANTED

SECOND HAND FURNITURE

OIL STOVES, RANGES, CARPETS,

RUGS, ETC.

Economy Furniture Store
1104 Franklin St. Phone 416



Whichever way
you go

Missouri Pacific

Offers Special
Summer Excursions

TO

California Utah
Colorado Oregon
Washington
Mesa Verde and Yellowstone
National Parks
Minnesota Wisconsin
Buffalo-Niagara Falls
Ontario New Jersey
New York and New England
Resorts
White River Country in the
Missouri Ozarks
and Mountainous Regions of
Southeastern States

Tickets on sale daily to Sept. 30th
Final return limit, Oct. 31, 1921
Liberal Stop-overs

Complete particulars can be had
upon request

C. L. STONE, P. Y. M. Mo. Pac. R. R.
St. Louis, Mo.

SPECIAL

Black Taffeta - \$1.75

White Crepe de Chine

\$1.75

McCAUSLAND'S